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Creepy Doll

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Before they could reach me, I ducked back inside the room I had found. There was a series of clicks as all of the devices halted. They whirled, scanning the surrounding area for an intruder. When they were gone, I sprinted down the hallway, hunting for an exit.



Since my last entry, I have found a pyro cutter and a bulletproof helmet. It was when I hid in a particularly large room just a few minutes ago that I made a grotesque discovery.

I had emerged in a steaming, rusty factory. Those drone things took various human organs and placed them in suits of armor. These organs were connected with various cables, and I watched with horror as these robots began to move. Powered by human cells, these things could do all the work of a normal human, except with a few improvements. I had encountered enough of them to know that they were juggernauts.

I escaped that room, only to bump into someone else in the hallway. She was completely human, just like the representative I had talked to at the beginning. However, this person was not an ordinary person.

It seemed like the only thing she could talk about was how great this “facility” was. There was a scar on her forehead, shaped in a jagged symbol like the one on the representative. When I asked her about it, she said that they had gone in and done something with her brain, speaking as if it were completely normal. An eerie pleasantness cloaked her words.

I left then, while she told me to have a “great time” in the “glorious facility.” I was determined to find whatever was at the bottom of all this, and to discover all of the secrets of this place.

Yet, I feared that I was destined for failure.



After numerous escapes from security guards and devices, I met a fellow I knew called Mark. He was another governmental inspector, the one who had been sent to examine this place just before me.

He didn’t talk much. His left eyebrow sagged over his eye. I didn’t notice this facial feature on him back when I had seen him outside of this facility. But I discounted this as a mere injury. Other than that, he looked perfectly normal, if a little haggard.

With a squadron of drones following us, we ducked into a strange room and hid behind a pile of crates. Their optical sensors glowed red as they slid by. I relaxed as soon as they were gone, and, turning to my fellow renegade, I swapped stories with him.

After I had recounted the things that had happened to me here, he said, “I was terrified as well, but I found the perfect place to hide. It was the room of one of those



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